

WORKERS of the WORLD UNITE THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST

No. 260

With which is incorporated
The International Socialist Review for Australasia.

SYDNEY: APRIL 17, 1915.

Registered at the General Post Office, Sydney,
for transmission by post as a Newspaper.

PRICE, ONE PENNY

The Passing Show.

The Workers' War.

In times of peace the worker has to beg the right to live,
And with his sweat that right he has to buy;
But when the dogs of war are loosed, the boss will quickly give
To worker Brown the glorious right to die.

He says, "Now Brown, I hope that to your country you'll be true,
I hope you won't be missing from your post;"
But the only country Brown's got is a piece six feet by two,
And he won't use that till he gives up the ghost.

It's the Boss that owns the property for which Brown has to fight,
And German Schmidt is in the same old boat
These workers have no quarrel, and it doesn't seem quite right
That they are set to tear each other's throat.

Since this world started spinning it has always been the same,
In war time Brown has had to fill the bill;
But the workers soon will turn and in disgust throw up the game,
And refuse henceforth their fellow-men to kill.

Then Brown and Schmidt together will wage war upon the Boss,
And profit-making wars will have to cease;
The worshipper of armament will have to burn his joss;
For Labor's reign will be a reign of peace.

Let "International Brotherhood" our fighting motto be,
Unite! Unite! Ye workers of the world,
To speed the "Revolution" that will set the toiler free,
The day when freedom's flag shall be unfurled.

W. A. TAYLOR.

Morningside.

Read Socialist literature and think.

Uproot ignorance and spread knowledge.

Study your economic position in society and become class-conscious.

A worker cannot be neutral in the class struggle.

Socialism is a plan to put an end to the class struggle. The Socialist Party is an organisation to forward that plan.

The end of the class struggle involves a revolution in industrial methods.

No man or woman is acquainted with the alphabet of real knowledge until the fact of the class struggle is grasped.

Evolution from the class struggle to the co-operative Commonwealth is proceeding. When it is consummated, it will be a revolution.

Marx examined economic conditions in his day and wrote "Capital," and Darwin, after studying economic conditions, as described by Malthus, wrote the "Origin of Species."

The great truth explained by Marx and Darwin completely destroyed the foundations and superstructure of humanity's whole intellectual outlook, and compelled a new and revolutionary change in our thought of morality, history, religion and life.

To-day, men either believe with Darwin and Marx, or with the metaphysicians of yesterday. They are either modern or ancient in thought and ideals.

Modern thought is opposed to war, so that while others are watching events along the frontiers, the mentally alert are noting what is happening in the hearts and minds of men. There is where all wars will be settled.

The crop of Mugs is constantly growing. Get to them, comrades. Wake them out of their capitalist trance.

While it is true that "a stitch in time saves nine" it is also true that a paper or a pamphlet may save twenty-nine.

Marx said: "You have nothing to lose but your chains," but every year binds your chains tighter unless you use your intelligence to break them.



A Recruit for the Constabulary.

"Born in this state?"
"No, Sir."
"Ever been convicted of a crime?"
"Well, I could a proved—"
"All right, no.—Are you a member of a Labor Union?"
"No, I ain't!"
"Got any family in this State?"

"No, ain't married."
"Any relative a member of a Labor Union?"
"Not as I know of."
"Well, are you sure?—Be careful now, Have you any friends in Labor organisations?—Be sure you tell the truth?"
"No, Sir—I ain't got any friends."
"Good!—I guess you'll pass O. K.—CALL MONDAY."
From the Masses

"When you enter the office, take off your hat, unless you are in uniform, in which case you are not to uncover your head, as a soldier in uniform only removes his headgear when he is a prisoner or when he is attending Divine Service, or in a Court of Law."—Instructions to Recruits.

"Be careful to be very respectful in your demeanor before the Enrolling Officer, answer any question which may be put to you in as few words as possible; as there is little time for delay."—Instructions to Recruits. Roll up and enroll, but be careful to be very respectful or the Officer may not be.

An American writer suggests beans and rice as a substitute for meat for the workers. Needless to say, he is not a believer in Marxian economics.

Statistics of wages and unemployment are a sure cure for political optimism, a fact which many delegates to the N.S.W. P.L.L. Conference entirely overlooked when listening to the eloquence of Premier Holman.

In the eyes of the policeman, a disturber of the peace is often one who says that the minimum wage should be fixed at all that a worker has created. Truth is always a disturber.

The British Government has decreed that the blinds of railway carriages shall be drawn at night, presumably to escape being seen from hostile aircraft. The nuts, you see, have to be carefully shielded. Meanwhile, the glare from mills and works, where the wage-slaves toil the night through, forms a fine target for aircraft.

"Lloyd's Weekly News" estimates the number of soldiers likely to be permanently disabled through the present war at 75,000. The number sent to where the "wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest" will probably be many times more.

"The doctrine of force can be conquered by the superior power of prayer."—"Church Times." If so, Lord Kitchener is enrolling the wrong men. He should mobilise an army of parsons.

The statue of Albert the Good still stands at the King-street entrance to Hyde Park, Sydney. A bonehead, looking at it the other day, reverently saluted the statue under the impression that it was that of King Albert of Belgium. When he was told that it was the statue of a German, he almost exploded with indignation at its being allowed to stand.

The majority of cork legs are manufactured in Germany, hence if the soldiers of the Allies lose their legs, many of them will have to wait till the war is

over before they can obtain artificial ones "made in Germany."

Archdeacon Wilberforce, preaching "The Stern Reality of the Present Crisis," recently said that if Lord Kitchener's army cannot be raised satisfactorily, "conscription will have to be applied." The men of the pulpit will, of course, be exempt. Soldiers must go to the front, but the preachers will stay behind to soothe 'em on.

The Pope, we are told, has been praying for peace. This is probably all he can do for it, and his voice is effectually drowned by the roar of the Christian guns.

The Kaiser decorates his braves with the Iron Cross. This is a reversal of the old order. In olden times they hung the thief upon the cross; now when he steals a country they hang the cross upon the thief.

The famous Chinese porcelain collection of the late J. P. Morgan has been purchased by Messrs. Duveen Brothers, of New York, for £800,000. Morgan was the Mad Mullah of finance.

The British Bible Society is making an appeal for cash "to meet the special responsibilities imposed on the Society by the war." The Oriental warriors with the long knives are supposed to need the gospel of peace neatly bound in khaki.

"Sceptics would have been clamorous if it had been suggested a year ago that British ships could hit an enemy at 18,000 yards."—"Naval and Military Record." Sceptics were clamorous when told that enemy submarines could hit British ships before the latter saw them—in fact, when they were out of sight.

The Church Army of England is appealing for funds to buy a motor ambulance for its war hospital in France. Churchmen love to be where the God of Battles is at work.

That daring warrior, the Bishop of London, says he would rather be shot in the garden in front of his palace than see England a German province. The Germans had better keep away from the Bishop's garden. He is evidently waiting for 'em.

"The result of this war will be more and more to carry the world back to Christ, the greatest revelation of God we have had on this earth."—Sir Oliver Lodge. If it is true that Christ said he came not to bring peace, but a sword, the world will not have to be carried far back.

British soldiers who are fighting to avenge the "plundering of little Belgium," probably never give a passing thought to the plundering of Britain. Britain has

been plundered for generations, and hundreds of thousands have become so accustomed to being plundered that they are quite resigned to it and regard it as a decree of fate. They have become fatalistic under the chloroforming influences of capitalism.

In "Belgium and the Scrap of Paper," a penny pamphlet issued by the Independent Labor Party of Britain, W. N. Brailsford, the writer, makes some telling points. Amongst other things he contends that no war can establish the sanctity of treaties while nations heap up armaments and form diplomatic combinations, in order to win colonies or spheres of influence.

"A Peer," writing to the London "Times," complains that he finds "plenty of people, who ought to know better, employing footmen, chauffeurs, and gardeners of serviceable age and condition," instead of sending them to the fields of slaughter. The Peer probably forgets that such people cannot help themselves, nor see how they could do without an army of serfs to wait on them hand and foot. When a rational system of society arrives, they will be taught to help themselves and work naturally like useful citizens of a Co-operative Commonwealth.

The Japanese have been engaged in drawing up a list of twenty-nine of the world's heroes, and Dr. Tokutomi Ito has written to Lady Hooker informing her that her late husband has been selected as one of the number. In the present state of the world, the selection of the great botanist does Japan much credit. Heroism seems to have a different and wider meaning these days than it has here. If the readers of our capitalist dailies were asked to name twenty-nine heroes, it is fairly certain that the list would be made up of generals, admirals, and other fighting experts.

Replying to Archbishop Kelly's recent condemnation of the Protestant Bible—a book which he said he "would not touch with a forty-foot pole"—a correspondent in the "S.M. Herald" (7/4/15) says: "The men who read the Bible are the men who are loyal to their country's call and are going to the front." There is a good deal of truth in this, for there is no book like the Old Testament when it comes to firing the youth of a nation with the desire to slaughter.

The Minister for External Affairs, Mr. Mahon, is considering a scheme under which soldiers, when the war is concluded, may be induced to settle in the Northern Territory. He thinks the Territory may "attract some of these soldiers." When they return from the fight they will probably find they are not wanted in the cities, and will be told there is plenty of room in the Territory.

"It has to be admitted that in time of war all domestic precedents go by the board, and every Government is bound to meet an emergency with the best means at its disposal."—Sydney "Daily Telegraph." Even to the extent of commandeering the land and tools of production.

"The opinion is held in some quarters that this contract (with Norton Griffiths) will kill the 'Government Stroke,' if so, it is one redeeming feature."—C. G. Wade, M.L.A., Liberal squeaker for the exploiting fraternity, who, like the proverbial Irishman who is "agin the Government," is dead agin the working man wherever he may be.

The troops who went to German New Guinea to take that quarter of the globe from the Germans, have written to the press drawing attention to the fact that they are still there though the toffs and mugs who send luxuries and comforts to the troops seem to have forgotten them. "Let some droppings fall on me," is their cry, but they have yet to learn that the soldier's cry—after he has done his work—generally falls on deaf ears.

When you have read this paper hand it to a friend.

The International Socialist

Journal of Revolutionary Socialism and Industrial Unionism.

Owned and controlled by the International Socialists.

Subscription: Australia, 4s per year, 1s per quarter. Postage added to other countries.

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Orders for Literature or Papers, and all cash payments connected therewith, should be addressed to W. R. WINSPEAR, Managing Editor, 115 Goulburn Street, Sydney.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Contributors writing for publication should write in ink, on one side of the paper only, and with a fair space at the sides and between the words and lines. Leave plenty of room for editing.

Write on paper not larger than letter-paper, and thin enough to avoid getting us fined for over-weight.

Mark the package "Press Matter Only," and address it "To the Editor."

Write briefly and clearly, as long and un-decipherable articles stand no chance of publication.

Do not send business communications to the Editor, or literary matter to the Manager. To do so only causes confusion and delay.

If your article is not published do not conclude that it is because it is of no merit, for it may be simply owing to the fact that it is not in accordance with the above rules. Where possible, articles of importance should be type-written.

WHEN YOUR SUBSCRIPTION IS DUE.

The number on the wrapper of your paper is the number at which your subscription expires. Renew before that number is reached.

A WIDER FIELD.

"I think I'll be a trained nurse. I see many nurses marry millionaires."
"I would advise you to try the stage. Of course some millionaires go to the hospitals, but most of them go to the musical comedies."

—Chicago News.

Red Week.

A little over two years ago, when Socialists in other countries were discussing the matter of holding a Red Week for the purpose of conducting a campaign of advertising the Socialist press and organisations, we of the International Socialist suggested that the first week in May would be the most fitting time to hold a Red Week. It was pointed out that the First of May was now universally recognised by Labor bodies as Labor's annual festival, and that such being the case, it would be comparatively easy to extend the celebrations over a week. The suggestion was warmly taken up by Sydney Comrades, but through inability to secure a hall in the city they were unable to carry out the suggestion. Since that time the idea has been kept alive, and now that the Branch has a hall, Red Week will this year for the first time be celebrated in the Southern Hemisphere. This being so, we hope all Comrades and sympathisers will do their best to make the celebrations a success. There will be something doing at the Socialist Hall every night in Red Week, and every working class man and woman is invited to attend and co-operate in organising bazaars, games, etc. A strong committee has the matter in hand, and donations in cash or suitable articles may be forwarded care of the Editor to this office. Red Week will start with a Concert and dance at the Concordia Hall on April 30, tickets for which may be purchased at this office and at the outdoor meetings.

The success of Sydney branch's special effort will mean much to the movement in Australia and elsewhere, for if the effort is successful we have no doubt that the example will be followed by Comrades in other parts. Therefore, we hope all Comrades will work at high pressure to make the celebrations a success.

Is Credit Being Trustified.

In connection with the slump of N.S.W. credit and the acceptance of the Norton-Griffiths scheme of financing and carrying out State works, happenings in China in recent years are interesting. In 1912 the Chinese Government entered into negotiations with a group of foreign financiers representing banks in England, France, Germany, Russia, America and Japan, who had apparently combined to avoid competition and enforce their own terms on China. Many conferences were held, and we heard much about the group of powers that was prepared to finance China. At the last of these conferences, held at Peking on the 19th of June, 1912,

this sextuple group of bankers brought forth the following demands: "(1) That the group should have complete control of any further loans for a period of five years. (2) That the Sult Gabelle, having been offered as security for the loan, should be managed by foreigners similar to the Customs. (3) That the Government should accept a representative of the group as financial adviser. (4) That a foreigner should be appointed as President of the Audit Bureau."

The object of the foreign financiers was obviously to get absolute control of the finances of China, and it was significant that while negotiations were proceeding none of the above powers recognised the republic. The only inference that could be drawn from this was that pressure was being brought to bear on China to get her to accept the terms of the sextuple group.

It is not often that we have it so clearly demonstrated how the leading governments work hand in hand with capitalists who not only seek to control States, but also desire to find lucrative positions for their creatures.

In the N.S.W. affair, the pressure exerted in London was too much for the State Government and Norton Griffiths was foisted upon it. The information supplied by the Premier, Mr. Holman, to the P.L.L. Conference, indicated that only through this firm could the State secure financial assistance. In reply to inquiries as to the possibility of securing a loan in London the N.S.W. Agent-General wrote under date 22nd November, 1914, as follows:—

"Following is categorical reply to your telegram, 17th November:—

"(a) It would be absolutely impossible for N.S.W. to float a loan in the London market at the present time, whether loan was inscribed stock, debentures or even Treasury bills.

"(b) The possibility of an embargo being placed on overseas borrowing has been indicated by the Prime Minister, but I do not think there is likely to be any formal embargo; but question of such embargo of no importance as answer to question (c) shows.

"(c) It will be absolutely impossible to place an inscribed stock or debenture loan during the progress of the war. Such accommodation as you will obtain in London must be obtained by Treasury bills, which are now a highly dangerous class of operation unless a permanent loan can be placed to absorb them.

"(d) and (e) As it would be impossible for anybody to place a long-dated loan in this market, it is no use discussing question of the value of Norton-Griffiths assisting underwriting for same. Prior to receiving your telegram, 20th November, proposal with regard to Norton-Griffiths had appeared in the press, having been telegraphed from Melbourne. On receipt of your telegram, 17th November, I asked Norton-Griffiths what he knew about it, and he said he knew nothing, but if matters ever came up again he thought the underwriting for a loan would not now be possible, but if he accepted any work from you it would be on the basis of deferred payments."

A further cablegram on the same subject was received from the Agent-General, dated 23rd November, and of this Mr. Holman writes:

"It is impossible to reproduce the exact terms of this cablegram without giving publicity to confidential matter, but in the course of it Sir Timothy Coghlan said that he had not been able to see the Chancellor of the Exchequer, but from what he had learnt unofficially he considered it would be unwise to reckon upon arrangements for the following year similar to those made with the Commonwealth Government for the current year."

There is enough in the above cablegrams between the N.S.W. Government and the Agent-General to warrant the suspicion that the State was being pressed to accept financial domination by this one firm, and that British Ministers had had a hand in exerting the pressure. As in the Chinese affair, the financiers simply desire to secure a firm grip of the finances of the State for purposes of their own.

The P.L.L. and Socialism.

At the P.L.L. Conference on Thursday, April 8, Comrades Luke Jones and J. W. Roche, of the A.S.P., attended by invitation and addressed the delegates on the differences between the Labor Party and the A.S.P. Mr. J. D. Fitzgerald occupied the chair.

Comrade Jones said the A.S.P. had definite proposals in regard to the assumption and control of production by the workers. They believed in socialisation and not in the Labor Party's policy of nationalisation. The latter would mean borrowing from the

capitalist in order to buy out monopolies. This would mean only a transfer of ownership, and the owners would continue to draw their profits in the form of interest. This was really leaving the employing class free from the trouble of supervision. The A.S.P. also differed from the Labor Party on militarism, the Socialists being opposed to militarism of every kind and degree.

Comrade Roche said there were serious differences between Socialists and Labor men. The Labor Party stood for reform instead of Revolution—the latter meaning a complete change in the system of society. Socialists desired the abolition of the State as it at present existed, as it was merely an institution representing the dominant class. Revolution, as they meant the term, was evolution carried out to the extent of replacing class ownership of industry by social ownership. They wanted this to come about peaceably, but it might be that the workers would be compelled to use force. They opposed palliatives.

Mr. Holman: Just say what you mean by palliatives.

Comrade Roche: Anything in the nature of "patching up"—arbitration, for example. They should organise as a class to secure social ownership, he added.

Mr. Griffiths: That is why we are extending State enterprise.

Comrade Roche said he had worked on several State works, and had been exploited and "speeded up" as much as under private enterprise. It was not possible to regenerate society by patchwork reforms. They said the present system of society was a thing of rags and patchwork, and they wanted to wipe it out by means of a system of industrial organisation more united than that of craft unionism. They needed something better than the craft system to deal with the trust. They wanted to make a combine of the workers to fight the trustification of industry. They were not opposed to political action, and had nothing to do with the Chicago I. W. W., which did oppose politics. They agreed with Labor in regard to free speech and other matters, but they could not agree with the Labor Party on vital principles.

Mr. Toombs, M. L. A., Mr. Griffiths, Minister for Education, D. Guihen, Mrs. Burns, A. Rae, and Mr. Holman, Premier of N. S. W., replied on behalf the Labor Party, the general tenor of their remarks being a denial that the European Capitalists could control Australian Governments by virtue of the economic power. Mr. Meagher, Speaker of the Legislative Assembly, also spoke contending that in a community where the best of the land was in the hands of private enterprise, if they were not going to nationalise the land by paying for it he failed to see how a peaceful method of taking over industry would be the outcome. What were they going to do with Hordern's? Surely not to break into the firm's bank and take the money.

In reply, Com. Roche said the Socialists were not Utopians, but had a definite policy. The capitalists would have to work, and that was all they wished to do with him. (Laughter.) There should be no room in the Labor party for any capitalist. (Applause.)

Com. Jones said Mr. Holman had said no one had the right to criticise unless he had a better plan to propose, but the reply was that it was right to object to a policy if it was clearly wrong. Later members of the Socialist party could explain their plans for taking and holding industry. If they promised a capitalist 5 per cent., he would see that he got it, and industries that were purchased with his money were influenced by him.

A Marvellous Torpedo.

It is said that a young American is the inventor of a torpedo which according to its maker, is more effective than any other ever used. By means of a magnetic electrical device, which is affected by any great mass of metal, the rudders guiding the torpedo are also affected in such a way that it will steer in that direction. So sensitive is this device that if the missile be discharged at a ship at a range of two or three or even five miles that ship is doomed. The torpedo has two arms of nickel silver attached on either side, projecting at right angles. At the ends of these arms are wire magnetic coils, about four inches in diameter. Upon these magnetic coils hinges the success of the torpedo. A high frequency current passes through them, and the presence of any great mass of metal charges the self-induction which effects the electrical relays, and these in turn operate the motor controlling the rudder. So the torpedo will follow its target and will steer for it no matter how often the target may change its course or position.

QUINTON and REES Discharged.

At the Redfern Police Court last Tuesday, Quinton and Rees presented themselves before Magistrate Paten to continue their long-drawn out battle with the police for Free Speech. When the case was called the Prosecuting Sergeant whispered some mysterious words in the ear of Mr. Paten and all was over. The Magistrate discharged

Pen Pricks.

By J. L.

Reading in Sunday's sun, the bulletin by the Federal statist in which he states the cost of living to be greater than the wages paid, does it not make one pause and think what about our boasted prosperity? Yet, all the time the Socialists have been telling the workers just what would happen and trying to show them that the few shillings increase in money wages would not benefit them at all, but that they would be poorer not because of a reduction in wages but because of an increase in the price of commodities.

The question still remains 'what is a living wage for a worker'?

As the woman is facing the housekeeping bills, she is now, as always, paying the heaviest price, especially during the war. On her we must lean heavily for generosity soon. In doing justice to her after the war, we shall take a long step towards making such a return a dream of an unenlightened past. But when the war is over the justice the capitalist class will mete out to her, the working class woman, who pays the heaviest price in war, will be to drive her and her orphaned ones into the factory hells of every country whose sons have been slaughtered on the European battle-field. Yes when the war is over, the sympathetic tears of the bourgeois world will dry up, and the women and children of the working class will be crushed to the wall in the mad rush to capture trade and markets. Socialism is the only hope for the whole of humanity, the only system of society that can possibly do justice to the mothers of the race. Capitalism knows no respect for motherhood or sympathy with childhood, its only regard for the Woman of the People is, that she brings forth material for productive or destructive purposes—the human profit making machine and the war machine, both of which are most vital parts of its hellish system.

To those that see in, and think that, Socialism is only an ideal of idle dreamers and not a possibility of the future, I would say, measure well the forces that are at work in our age, and mark the strength of the men and women who are dissatisfied with the present.

Everyone of you working women, who believe, as I do, that her children should have the same chance as other children, should start to work for and understand Socialism, so as these ideals can be realised. Under Socialism all will have ample material comfort and plenty of leisure as well as the means of education. Why should not we educate our children.

How can we mother the race if we are not to have practical experience of what the race needs. Blind mothers do not lead their children.

Socialism as a race movement, calls woman to the work of uplifting the race, realising that masters only uplift themselves. Perhaps some men oppose freedom for woman because of what they themselves have done with their "freedom."

Socialism is going to change the face of the earth, it is going to change the conditions under which we work and do business. It is going to change our home life and our existing 'morals' and every condition surrounding our lives. It is already a factor in forcing great reforms in society. It has its representatives in nearly every parliament of the world. It is coming, and nothing can hinder it.

Capitalism breeds social and domestic disorder, causes breaches in marriage ties, breaks up homes, and drives men and women to the wall. It affords no security and gives no hope. It is to Socialism the workers have to turn for economic salvation.

Beliefs and convictions without courage and action are barren, pious wishings avail naught without attempts are made to materialise those wishes.

Progress in this world is no sloth, it is the figure of vigor and activity. Get into action sister, reader, enlist in the army of progress and do something for the future before nature robs you of the opportunity to do so.

Behold in bonds your Mother Earth,
The rich man's prostitute and slave;
Your Mother Earth, that gave you birth,
You only own her for a grave:
And will you die like slaves and see
Your Mother left a fettered thrall!
Nay, live like men, and set her free,
As Heritage for All.

the two Comrades, and thus, after a couple of months fighting, the cases ended. This ending of a stubborn fight in a signal triumph for A.S.P., tactics. The Comrades took the advantage of all the forms and rules of the Court to defeat the police there, while the writers and speakers were working up working-Class feeling in their favor to compel the Government to abandon the prosecutions and recognise the right of Free Speech.

The Worst Thing in Europe.

By JOHN REED.

In a city of Northern France occupied by the Germans, we were met at the train by several officers and the Royal Automobile Club. The officers, genial, pleasant, rather formal young fellows in the smart Prussian uniform, were to be our guides and hosts in that part of the German front. They spoke English well, as many of them do; and we were charmed by their friendliness and affability. As we left the station and got into the machines, a group of private soldiers off duty loitered about, looking at us with lazy curiosity. Suddenly one of the officers sprang at them, striking at their throats with his little "swagger stick."

"Schweinhund!" he shouted with sudden ferocity. "Be off about your business and don't stare at us!"

They fell back silently, docilely, before the blows and the curses, and dispersed.

Another time a photographer of our party was interrupted while taking moving pictures, by a sentry with a rifle.

"My orders are that no photographs shall be taken here!" said the soldier.

The photographer appealed to the Staff Lieutenant who accompanied us.

"It's all right," said the officer. "I am Lieutenant Herrman of the General Staff in Berlin. He has my permission to photograph."

The sentry saluted, looked at Herrman's papers, and withdrew. And I asked the Lieutenant by what right he could countermand a soldier's orders from his own superior.

"Because I am that soldier's commanding officer. The fact that I have a Lieutenant's shoulder-straps makes me the superior of every soldier in the army. A German soldier must obey every officer's orders, no matter what they may be."

"So that if a soldier were doing sentry duty on an important fort in time of war, and you came along and told him to go and get a drink, he would have to obey?"

He nodded. "He would have to obey me unquestioningly, no matter what I ordered, no matter how it conflicted with his previous orders, no matter whether I even belonged to his regiment. But of course I should be held responsible."

That is an army. That is what it means to be a soldier. Plenty of people have pointed to the indisputable fact that the German army is the most perfect military machine in the world. But there are also other armies in the present war.

Consider the French army, rent with politics, badly clothed, badly provisioned, and with an inadequate ambulance service; exposed always to militarism, and long since sickened with fighting. The French army has not been fighting well. But it has been fighting, and the slaughter has been appalling. There remains no effective reserve in France; and the available youth of the nation down to seventeen years of age is under arms. For my part, all other considerations aside, I should not care to live half frozen in a trench, up to my middle in water, for three or four months, because someone in authority said I ought to shoot Germans. But if I were a Frenchman, I should do it, because I would have been accustomed to the idea by my compulsory military service.

The Russian army, inexhaustible hordes of simple peasants torn from their farms, blessed by a priest, and knouted into battle for a cause they never heard of, appeals to me even less. Of all the armies in this war, I might make a secondary choice between the Belgian, doing England's dirty work, and the Servians, doing Russia's, but I hesitate at the sight of two hundred thousand Belgians who made fierce, short resistance at Liege, Namur and Brussels, practically wiped off the face of the earth. "The Belgian army does not exist!" All that remains of that drilled and disciplined flower of Belgium are a few regiments restoring their shattered nerves in barracks, and quarrelling with their Allies. The Servian army is still making heroic last stands, but that is no fun.

And crossing over to the Austrian side, I call to mind that hideous persistent story about the first days of the war, when Austria sent her unequipped regiments against the Russians. Only the first ranks had rifles and ammunition; the ranks behind were instructed to pick up the guns when the first ranks were killed—and so on. But I could fill pages with the superlative horrors that civilised Europe is inflicting upon itself. I could describe to you the quiet, dark, saddened streets of Paris, where every ten feet you are confronted with the miserable wreck of a human being, or a madman who lost his reason in the trenches, being led around by his wife. I could tell you of the big hospital in Berlin full of German soldiers who went crazy, from merely hearing the cries of the thirty thousand Russians drowning in the swamps of East Prussia after the battle of Tannenberg. Or of Galician peasants dropping out of their regiments to die along the roads from Poland. Or of the numbness and incalculable demoralisation among men in the trenches. Or of holes torn in bodies with jagged pieces of melanite shells, of sounds

that make deaf, of gases that destroy eyesight, of wounded men dying day by day and hour by hour within forty yards of twenty thousand human beings, who won't stop killing each other long enough to gather them up.

But that is not my purpose in this brief article. I want to try and indicate the effect of military obedience and discipline upon human beings. Disease, death, wounds on the battle-field, Philosophical Anarchism, and International Socialism, seem to be futile as incentives to peace. Why? As for the bloody side of war, that shocks people less than they think; we're so accustomed to half a million a year maimed and killed in mines and factories. As for Socialism, Anarchism, any democratic or individualist faith—I don't speak of Christianity, which is completely bankrupt—the Socialists, Anarchists, et al. were all trained soldiers.

I seem to hear shouts of "England! Look at England! England has no conscript army." Well, if England has no conscript army now, England is soon going to have one. The Englishman has been prepared for this war by adroit press alarms for years. Hardly one ordinary Briton—of the class that fills the ranks of her far flung regiments—who did not admit that war with Germany was coming, and that he would have to fight. I could here digress for pages to tell you the terrible means by which England filled her "volunteer" army; how workmen of enlistable age were fired from their jobs, and relief refused their wives and children until they joined; how others were intimidated, bullied, shamed into fighting for a cause they had no interest in, nor affection for; how Harrods' great department-store loaded a truck with young clerks and sent them to the recruiting-office, with a big sign on the side, "Harrods' Gift to the Empire."

You have perhaps said to yourself, "In the English army an officer is not allowed to strike an enlisted man." That is perfectly true. When an English soldier gets impudent to his superior, the latter orders the nearest non-commissioned officer to "hit him." But the English soldier is seldom insubordinate. He knows his place. The officer caste is a caste above him, to which he can never attain. There are *rankers* in the British army—men who rise from the ranks—but they are not accepted by the army aristocracy, nor respected by the men. They float, like Mohammed's coffin, between heaven and earth. I bring to your notice the advertisement which appeared lately in the London Times: "Wanted—Two thousand young Gentlemen for Officers in Kitchener's Army." I have seen the English army in the field in France; I have noticed the apparent democracy of intercourse between men and officers—it is the kind of thing that takes place between a gentleman and his butler. Yes, the English soldier knows his place, and there's no revolution in him. In Germany there is a little hope from the people—they do not think for themselves, but they are corrupted and coerced; in England, the people do not have to be coerced—they obey of their own free will.

And if you want to see those whom the Germans themselves call "an army of non-commissioned officers"—the best soldiers in the world—look at the first British Expeditionary Force, two hundred and fifty thousand men who have served seven years or more from India to Bermuda, and around the world again. These are the real Tommy Atkins that Kipling sang. They are usually undersized, debauched, diseased little men, with a moral sense fertilised by years of slaughtering yellow, brown and black men with dum-dum bullets. Their reward consists of bronze medals and colored strips of ribbon—and their ruined lives, after they are mustered out, if they are not maimed and useless, are spent in opening and shutting carriage-doors in front of theatres and hotels.

No, I'm afraid we must leave England out of this discussion. England breeds men who know their place, that become obedient soldiers whenever their social superiors order them to. The harm does not lie in joining Kitchener's army; it lies in being an Englishman. In no other self-governing nation in the world would the people acquiesce in the complete suppression of representative government at the order of a military dictator like Kitchener.

At the beginning of this article I gave two instances of what a German must become to be a good soldier. But since Germany has for more than forty years armed and trained her entire manhood, the consequences of the system must appear in her national life. They do. The Germans are politically cowed. They do what they are told. They learn by rote, and their "Kultur" has become a mechanical incubator for sterile Doctors of Philosophy, whose pedantry is the despair of all Youth except German youth. Nietzsche is the last German genius, and 1848 the last date in their vain struggle for political self-expression. Then comes Bismarck, and the German spirit is chained with comfortable chains, fed with uniforms, decorations, and the out-worn claptrap of military glory, so that today small business men and fat peasants think like Joachim Murat and talk like General Bernhardt.

Outback Ideas.

What does he know of Socialism who only Socialism knows? Out in the bush one meets with some queer students of political economy. I came across one the other day. He was old and wizened, but he was wise for he told me so. The history of the world for the past 3,000 years was an open book to him. From the time Jason sought the Golden Fleece until the bombardment of the Dardanelles forts nought had escaped him. Being old, he occasionally became mixed in his chronology, and sometimes his facts were all awry, as when he told me how Napoleon Bonaparte's genius in the 17th century gave Europe a blessed measure of religious tolerance. He had resolved the great social problem into three categories. Religion, militarism and what he termed the "Socialistic versus Capitalistic trouble." The religious problem was partially solved owing to the activities in the 17th century of the aforementioned gentleman. Militarism would be ended by the people turning on the licensed butchers and destroying them—some day. It was the socialistic v. capitalistic problem that he was most interested in. Occasionally he would wax indignant, but first let me hasten to explain that he was an independent gentleman who had made a few thousands out of his own energy, at least so he said, and for the life of him he couldn't understand why every man in Australia didn't do the same. "Yes," says he, in a confidential whisper, "it's corruption among working men that's ruining the country. Those damned agitators are spoiling the working class." He had a glare in his eye, and I twisted uneasily in my seat. At one time, he continued in retrospective mood, "a man would work twice as hard for half the wages and goods were cheaper then. Why?"—and his voice was shrill—"the working man demands nine and ten shillings a day and a eight hour day at that. Then most of the time he is pointing." This last was told in a tone indicating such deep injustice that I was constrained to sympathise with him. I said, "Despite the rise in wages the worker is no better off."

Allow me to point out that the party of "Revolution," the German Social-Democrats, is as autocratic as the Kaiser's government; and that the crime for which a member is expelled from the Party is "insubordination to the Party leaders." I was informed proudly by a Social-Democrat Deputy in the Reichstag that the Party was *Collecting Party dues in the trenches*; and that, when requested, the Government deducts the dues from the men's pay and hands it over to the Party organization!

The German people—*Cannon-futter* ("Cannon food") they are jocularly called—went to war without a protest. And today, from top to bottom of Germany, the investigator must seek hard before he finds a single dissenting voice. Germany is practically solid; when the Government has an official opinion, the street-cleaners have that same opinion in three days. That is the logical result of universal military service in a country where the classes are not inalterably fixed, as they are in England. And that, let me insist, is what is absolutely required for an efficient army. There is no choice. Thorough efficiency can only be attained at this time by an Autocracy, and so only can an army be attained; in a Democracy, neither efficiency in government, nor an efficient army is possible.

I hate soldiers. I hate to see a man with a bayonet fixed on a rifle, who can order me off the street. I hate to belong to an organization that is proud of obeying a caste of superior beings, that is proud of killing free ideas, so that it may the more efficiently kill human beings in cold blood. They will tell you that a conscript army is Democratic, because everybody has to serve; but they won't tell you that military service plants in your blood the germ of blind obedience, of blind irresponsibility, that it produces one class of Commanders in your state and your industries, and accustoms you to do what they tell you even in time of peace.

Here in America we have our chance to construct some day a Democracy, unhampered by the stupid docility of a people who run to salute when the band plays. They are talking now about building up an immense standing army, to combat the Japs, or the Germans, or the Mexicans. I, for one, refuse to join. You ask me how I am going to combat a whole world thirsting for blood? And I reply, not by creating a counter-thirst for the blood of the Japs, Germans, or Mexicans. There is no such thing as a "moderate army" or "an army of defence." Once we begin that, Japan, Germany, or Mexico, whichever it is, will begin to build up a defence against us. We will raise them one, and so on. And the logical end of all that is Germany; and the logical end of Germany is, and always will be, War. And you, gentle reader, you will be the first to get shot.

From "THE MASSES."

"Ah," he replied knowingly, as he drew his chair nearer to me, "that's what I tell 'em. Rises in wages, that's good. That's where they make a mistake. They're only making a rod for their own back. Prices increase and things is dearer. The master is compelled to put more on the goods and not only the master but the commission agents, the railway, the retailer, and why shouldn't they?" his deep sense of justice making his voice vibrate with emotion. "Haven't they as much right as the working man? Do you know if I had my way, I'd pass a law compelling every man to work, not dawdle mind you, for a certain wage, and if anyone refused I'd clap 'em into jail." "But," I chipped in nervously, "surely that's not your remedy?" "Not entirely," he replied. "Give and take is what's wanted. Reasonableness. First of all, we must root out the agitator as if he were the plague." I shuddered. "No agitator, no corruption. A man comes to me for a job. Yes, I can do with a man. 'How much do you want?' says I. 'Government price,' says he. 'Can't do it,' I reply. 'It won't pay me at that.' Now, he being reasonable, asks what I can pay and make a profit on. I tell him six shillings. 'Right, I'll take it,' says he. He goes to work, and being a steady toiler he makes 15s. a day for me. Do you think," makes a look of triumph mingled with generosity spread over his ferret features, "that when that man asks for a little more, I'd refuse? No. I should be a fool if I did. I give him 2s. extra, making 8s. a day. I do it willingly for he is still making 7s. a day for me, and I've no need to raise the price of my goods. He is satisfied. I am satisfied, and the people who buy from me are satisfied. There's no need for your socialistic nonsense. Just sweet reasonableness, and there you are."

And where are you? Say, you fellows down in the city have a lot to learn. Guess I'll send my wizened independent gentleman to Sydney to give you a few lessons in reasonableness.

Yours with Ploughshare and Pruning Hook.

GEE BEE.

WAR—WHAT FOR.

"Surely as you live—it's coming! What is coming? Socialism is coming—freedom and justice to the working-class."

—War What For.

"When kings, and czars, presidents, emperors, and the industrial master of the bread in all Europe—when these puffed and strutting parasites think of Socialism, they turn red with anger or pale with fear. These blood-stained, profit-stuffed rulers and employers—these Know Socialism is coming. And by these, every possible form, every possible combination of opposition has been cunningly or brutally thrust into the path of this working-class political movement, the Socialist Movement."—War What For.

Order this book now. Only a few are available. Price 2s., posted 2d., extra.

Even the Socialist Smashers and Anti-Social Fellow Workers welcome this Great Socialist book. Don't miss it.

Under the heading of "Politics and Others" one A. Westbrook of Perth, W.A., takes us to task for some remarks recently made anent the anti-Socialist I.W.W., of America, and the failure of Direct Action, Sabotage, and Anti-Sosh generally.

In A. Westbrook we recognise an old friend, and in the Mont Miller she mentions in her article another old acquaintance. Mrs. Westbrook is undoubtedly a warm admirer of Mr. Miller but when she says "that for many years he has stood for the principles that the Industrial Workers of the World propagate to-day," she, so to speak, lets the cat out of the bag. Monty Miller has always stood for Anarchism, and should never have been in any Socialist Party. If Mrs. Westbrook accepts Miller as a guide, philosopher and friend, she should have been with him outside of any politico-industrial party. We congratulate our Anti-Socialist fellow workers on the acquisition to their ranks.

Street Speaking.

Mr. Black, N.S.W. Chief Secretary, issued the following Minute on Street Speaking last Tuesday:

"Intemperate utterances assist no cause; they often create bad feeling and disorder. Therefore indecent, abusive, and blasphemous language by public speakers cannot be permitted, nor appeals to violence, nor incitement to the destruction of human life or of property. Offenders in any of these directions must at once be cautioned by the police. If they refuse to desist, they must be prevented from speaking further, and must be proceeded against by way of summons."

"Public speaking in the streets of the city and suburbs is to be confined to the places mentioned in the Gazette on the nights denoted there. The list is, however, subject

A.S.P. News & Notes.

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Headquarters: 115 Goulburn St., Sydney.

LUKE JONES.

General Secretary

CENTRAL EXECUTIVE.

Next meeting will be held on Saturday, April 17, at 3 p.m.

LUKE JONES, Gen. Sec.

SYDNEY BRANCH.

Sydney is no longer to be hampered in its propaganda according to statements made by responsible Ministers. Certainly during the last week we were not molested. From now on Sydney branch will be conducting two meetings on Sunday night, Market and Park-Sts.

On Sunday night last Comrade Rasmussen delivered an address on Phenology. He endeavored to show how certain characteristics make impression on the skull. A comparison was made between the skulls of an average intelligent person, the idiot, and the Australian Aboriginal. Examples were given of how on puncturing a certain part of the skull and brain, the individual concerned was not able to function as well as before in a given capacity. The case of the spiritual location was remarked on. The lecturer pointed out that an individual with religious mania has a certain part of his brain very much inflamed. An operation has been effective in making a patient quite normal. The discussion ranged for the most part around the powers of Spiritualism, Hypnotism, etc. It was also pointed out that while there is a deal of fact in the Phenological point of view, Phenology not yet having been established as an exact science, one would not place absolute reliance on its conclusions.

On Sunday next Mr. Eldridge will speak at the Hall.

On behalf of the Branch I have to express appreciation of the presence of our old Comrade Mrs. Oakden. Those of us who can understand the much quiet work done by our Comrade in the past, can only hope upon her return to Tasmania success will at-

to revision—names may be added or deleted in view of later experiences. In suburbs not yet inspected the stands habitually used are to be considered eligible in the meantime. No association and no individual is to be considered to have a presumptive right to any stand. Priority of arrival will usually give possession, but a continued monopoly of any locality is not permissible. Such matters should, however, be arranged amicably by claimants. The gazetted of certain places for public speaking, moreover, does not exempt speakers from the bylaw which demands freedom of passage for horse and foot. In all cases pedestrians and vehicles must be afforded the room sufficient for their going and coming. Save at election times and during periods of great popular excitement, when much latitude must be given, these instructions are to apply to all bodies—religious and anti-religious, temperance and anti-temperance, political, economic and industrial—without respect to institutions or to persons. The police are requested to use the utmost discretion, patience, and tact in carrying out their difficult and responsible duties.

"The regulations regarding street speaking do not apply to musicians, other than those who assist street speakers. Wind, string, and keyboard musicians, phonographists, organ grinders, soloists, and choirs are given a roving commission, but must move on when objected to. They must not occupy the same stand for longer than fifteen consecutive minutes. On removal from any position their next stand must be at least 100 yards away. No rival musicians or musician must occupy positions at a lesser distance than 100 yards from players or singers already performing. Musical performances in the streets may not commence before 10 a.m., and must end on or before 10.30 p.m., except on Christmas Eve, when they shall cease at 12 midnight. The prevailing practice of patrolling the streets from 9 o'clock on Christmas Eve until 9 o'clock on Christmas morning is prohibited. It is intolerable that during the whole of a summer's night the weary, the sick, and the dying should be robbed of rest, at the point of the baton, by blackmailing musical marauders."

J. R. WILSON'S Case Withdrawn by the Police.

The last case against J. R. Wilson was billed for hearing at the Sydney Central Police Court last Wednesday. When the case was called the Prosecuting Sergeant intimated that he wished to withdraw the Case. The Magistrate seemed surprised but the orders to the police were from a quarter which they could not disobey, so the Case was struck out. Let us hope this will be the last of such cases.

tend her efforts with the newly formed branch there.

Our usual Social and Dance will be held on Friday, April 23. Tickets 6d. each.

J. Q., Secy.

DOMAIN FIXTURES 2.30.

Chair: G. Slade, Speakers:—P. O'Connell, J. Wilson, J. Roche.

Market-street, 7 p.m.

J. Jones, J. Dwyer, Mrs. Macdonald.

Park-street, 7 p.m.

F. Highfield, G. Slade, Mrs. Paul.

Liverpool-street, 7 p.m.

J. McCormack, A. Rees.

Auburn meeting, Friday.

J. Dwyer, G. Slade.

A meeting of the Speakers Committee will be held in the Hall on Friday, at 7.30. A. Rees.

MELBOURNE NOTES.

Fisher, Hughes, Pearce & Coy. (no liability), of Spring-street, generally known as the Federal Government, murder merchants, and general dealers in "mugs," are apparently suffering from a depreciation in trade as the supply of human cannon fodder is not coming forward at the rate expected. For the enthusiasm of the average Melbourne as far as dying for his country is concerned has reached the level of zeal expressed at a dog-fight or a back-lane harlot's brawl. "Where all look on!"

The truth is most awkward and inconvenient to those who have some lying, foul, purpose to serve. And its suppression at Collingwood on last Thursday night, and also at Brunswick on the same date show the true calibre of the authorities of British law and order, the upholders of British liberty. The writer had barely begun to speak from the corner of Smith and Peel streets when two men in blue, backed by some of their plainclothes brethren of law and order brand, accosted him as to whether he had a permit to speak. Not being armed with such a superfluity a kind invitation to shut up, or accept a night's lodging in one of George V. Homes de Hominy was proffered by the men in blue, who stated they were acting on their own accord. The shut-up policy was adopted with a view to taking more diplomatic measures to secure freedom of speech. Some comrades then went to interview the head of police in Collingwood, who nearly had a fit and threatened to explode beneath his balloon-like waistcoat in his denunciation and exposition of Socialism, which really only amounted to a display of his ignorance of the philosophy of freedom. Comrade Miss Gardiner's retorts to the frothy emanations of this ignoramus of officialdom turned the expression on his corpulent countenance purple and red, like a boiled lobster, convulsed and tied in a knot. The Chicago I.W.W. had a similar experience in Brunswick the same night, when their speaker was stopped and the sale of "War What For?" (Kirkpatrick's book) was stopped because, said a policeman, "it was likely to hinder recruiting."

A friendly politician wrote, informing our party the other day that the police were going to enforce prohibition of the sale of literature on Sundays at the Yarra Bank. It would appear from the above related events as if the powers of reaction mean to curb all educational work along the lines of truth, which is a declaration of war, and we are ready to fight.

A picnic was held at Greensborough on Good Friday, the members having a very enjoyable outing.

Sunday afternoon a meeting was conducted on the Yarra bank by Comrades N. Andersen and the writer. Whilst Sunday evening P. Laidler spoke from our platform (indoor), 47 Victoria-street, city, on "British Freedom and Unemployment," a good deal of discussion being the outcome.

The general meeting on Tuesday decided to give any individual support possible to the Sydney Red Week, which all hope will be a success.

The following lectures will be delivered on Sunday evenings from our platform in the coming weeks:—M. Fineburg, April, "Anarchy and Socialism;" Nauberry, "The Downfall of the International;" J. Bosch, "How I Became a Socialist;" Comrade St. Clair, "The Socialist Philosophy."

For working-class freedom.

H. SPENCER WOOD.

MOUNT LARCOM BRANCH.

The monthly meeting of the above branch was held on Sunday, the 4th, there being a good roll up of members. Good progress was reported, one more new member joining. Comrade Seydler paid a flying visit to Rockhampton, and dropped a few "bombs" in the shape of International, War Trust Leaflet, Open Letter to Boy Conscripts and the A. S. P., War Manifesto. Other comrades have dropped some in other parts of the district.

On May Day we are holding a Picnic and Dance, a committee has been formed to make all arrangements. Special meetings are to be held here on the nearest nights to full moon, when different subjects are to be discussed and debated. Will all members roll up and bring their friends with them.

Yours for the revolution,
CHAS. JACOBSEN, Sec.

NEWTOWN.

Newtown Branch.—Rooms 41 Enmore-Rd., Newtown. Propaganda meetings: Friday evenings, Johnstone-St., Leichhardt. Saturday and Sunday evenings, Newtown Bridge.

PROPAGANDA FIXTURES.

(Meetings Commence 7.30 p.m.)

Friday night, Johnstone-St., Leichhardt. Chair: C. Jackson, Speakers: Mrs. Lorrimer, J. Kilburn.

Auburn meeting: J. Roche.

Saturday night: Newtown Bridge.

Chair: C. Jackson, Speakers: Mrs. Paul, J. Roche.

Sunday night: Newtown Bridge.

Chair: W. Page, Speakers: P. O'Connell, J. Kilburn.

Branch members are requested to attend a business meeting, which will be held on Tuesday, April 20, at 8 p.m. The business is important.

Ray Everitt, Secy.

War—What For?

By G. KIRKPATRICK

Paper Cover, 2s. 3d. Post Free.

The receipt of a copy of this paper is an invitation to become a subscriber.

AUBURN BRANCH.

The above branch meets every Monday night in the Class Room, School of Arts, Queen-street, at 7.45 p.m.

Propaganda meetings are held every Friday evening at "Bundock," corner Auburn-road and Queen-street, at 8.15 p.m.

Those who desire to join should give their names to the branch Secretary.

J. J. KEGG.

Books and Pamphlets on Sale.

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| Landmarks of Scientific Socialism (Anti-Duehring). Contains the most important portions of the larger work from which Socialism, Utopian and Scientific was taken (Engels) | 4s. |
| The Physical Basis of Mind and Morals. Shows the origin of mind and the relation of economics to morals (Fitch) | 4s. |
| Essays on the Materialistic Conception of History (Labriola) | 4s. |
| Socialism and Philosophy. In the form of familiar letters (Labriola) | 4s. |
| An Introduction to Sociology. A new and useful work for beginners, tracing the development of this new science, with estimates of the work of Comte, Spencer, Ward, Small, and other Sociologists (Lewis) | 4s. |
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| Woman and Socialism, the classic work on this subject, revised, enlarged, and newly translated (Bebel) | 6s. |
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| Capital, Vol. II, The Process of Circulation of Capital (Marx) | 8s. |
| Capital, Vol. III, The Process of Capitalist Production as a Whole (Marx) | 8s. |
| Introduction to Socialism. Excellent for beginners, 64 pages (Richardson) | 3d. |
| Unionism and Socialism (Eugene V. Debs) | 6d. |
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| The Right to be Lazy (64 pages). (Lafargue) | 6d. |
| Socialism, What It Is and What It Seeks to Accomplish. (Wilhelm) Liebknecht No Compromise: No Political Trading Liebknecht's (Wilhelm) | 6d. |
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| The Militant Proletariat, a discussion of the American working-class and the Socialist Party (Lewis) | 2s. |
| Memoirs of Karl Marx. Delightful personal recollections (Liebknecht) | 2s. |
| The Theoretical System of Karl Marx. Best and completest work on Marx's theories, with replies to critics (Boudin) | 4s. |
| Life, Writing and speeches of Eugene V. Debs. A large volume originally published at 8s., containing all of Debs' most important writings, with a life sketch by Stephen M. Reynolds and a preface by Mary U. Mary (Debs). Cloth | 4s. |
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First Week in May

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